



SATURDAY SEPT 8, 1900

STREET CAR COMEDY.

Fears of an Observant Boy Amused the Passengers.

He Thought the Man with the Sweet Mustache Would Eat Up His Little Appetite, Unless Given a Fair Warning.

She was a good looking young woman and she had an air of prosperity and general satisfaction with the world. The little boy who sat beside her, with his hand in hers, says the Chicago Times-Herald, was evidently her "onliest"—the bright particular star in the firmament of her existence. They were riding home on one of the Northwestern Elevated trains, and across the aisle from them sat a man who had a mustache that drooped directly forward over his upper lip, thus affording him an opportunity to draw the hairs into his mouth by means of his tongue and teeth, a thing he did with apparent relish.

The little boy became interested in the operation and endeavored to arouse his mother to a realization of the wonder of it. Every time the man would let go to get a better hold the child, in an excited stage whisper, would say:

"Mamma, look at him!"

The woman would blush and pretend she didn't know what he meant, and the man, being deep in a magazine article, was oblivious of his surroundings.

The passengers in that end of the car were not slow to join the boy in his watchful interest, and whenever he tried to attract his mother's attention to the engaging operation they smiled broadly or giggled aloud. The old gentleman with mutton-chop whiskers and an English look sat on the other side of the boy from the latter's mother. He was rather slow to join in the general enjoyment of the proceeding, but he found out that while what it was that those around



"MAMMA, LOOK AT HIM!"

They were laughing at, and then he began to grin.

"Look, mamma!" cried the child, "he's trying to get it again."

"Hush!" his mother said, endeavoring to hide her face and hold a hand over the boy's mouth at the same time.

"Now he's got it!" exclaimed the excited little one. "Is he going to eat it off?"

"No, no, no! Be quiet!" his mother commanded.

"Well, then, why does he chew it?" "Sh-h-h-h. Here, look out of the window. We'll see the Ferris wheel pretty soon."

"Would it hurt him if he swallowed it, mamma?"

The man with the mutton-chop whiskers was getting red in the face and showing apoplectic symptoms, but he managed to blubber:

"Yes, my boy, he might choke if he swallowed it."

"Mamma, mamma!" exclaimed the little fellow, "he might choke if he swallowed it."

Just then the man with the mustache got a new twist on it with his tongue and teeth and pulled on the hairs as if they would be torn out by the roots.

"Oh, look at him!" said the child; "he's going to swallow it now!"

The lady was looking out at the windows they were passing and pretending not to hear. Therefore, the boy turned to the English looking man and asked:

"Why don't you tell him not to eat it?"

"Because he has a right to eat it if he wants to."

"Well, why does he want to?" "I don't know. Maybe he had honey on his taffy or something of that kind for his lunch."

"And would that make him want to eat it?"

"Well, it might if—"

The man with the mustache suddenly stuck out his tongue and picked off the end of a hair that he had bitten in two, which made the boy cry:

"Why does he throw them away if he likes them?"

This question attracted the attention of the object of the boy's interest, who suddenly raised his head to discover that the other passengers were looking at him and laughing.

He turned red, felt of his necktie, looked himself over as far as possible, and then, after an embarrassing moment, went into another car, walking sideways, so as to prevent anything from happening in case his necktie might be torn where he wouldn't see.

Voice Restored by Accident.

Ten years ago a stroke of paralysis

caused the loss of speech to H. T. Steffy, of Rising Fawn, Ga. Since that time until a few days ago, he continued speechless. As he was handling an electric apparatus he accidentally received a shock which restored his voice.

MAID AND MATRON.

The total number of women over 18 years old employed in the factories and workshops of the British islands is about 500,000, of whom 11 per cent. belong to trade unions.

Miss Pauline Astor is more patriotic than her sire, William Waldorf Astor. She was asked recently whether she was an English girl or a Yankee girl. She replied that she wasn't quite sure. Her father, she said, was an Englishman. As for herself, she said she would be an American if the choice were left to her.

The distinction of being the champion woman nail driver of the country belongs to Mrs. F. C. E. Mehhouse, of Potstown, Pa. Out of 12 fair contestants she carried off first honors by driving six eight-penny nails into a two-inch plank in 15 seconds. In her haste she dropped one of the nails, but despite this handicap she finished first.

Middle, Jane May, the French actress, has used her influence as the daughter of an officer to get a government permit to keep a tobacco shop in Paris, so that when she has grown older and less in demand than she is to-day she will have something to fall back on. The shop is already open and is proving a popular success.

Mrs. Mary Church Terrell, of Washington, D. C., is among the most enlightened colored women of the United States. She is a graduate of Oberlin, and is a trustee of the public schools of Washington. She has studied abroad in Paris, Berlin and Lausanne, and was once offered a position in Oberlin college.

Mrs. Laura A. Alderman owns the largest orchard in South Dakota. According to W. N. Irwin, chief of the division of pomology of the department of agriculture in Washington, Mrs. Alderman has, near Hurley, Turner county, 150 acres, in which are 8,000 trees, two acres being given over to plums. Besides the trees there are 1,000 currant bushes, 1,000 gooseberry bushes, 500 grapevines and three acres of strawberries.

PEOPLE OF PROMINENCE.

The Wichita Eagle is authority for the statement that Gen. Adna R. Chaffee has a brother in Wichita who is a soldier in the Salvation Army. He is a little, silvery-haired old man, and plays the bass drum.

Lord and Lady Rathes sailed recently for the United States. His title of grand bootjack to the sovereign duties from the days when it was the duty of the earl of Rathes to remove the boots of their Scotch majesties upon their return to the palace after a function.

The New York Evening Post relates a story characteristic of the late King Humbert and Queen Margherita. The queen, it seems, had a strong partiality for white dresses, but with the advancing years she feared that they looked too girlish, and asked the king what he thought about it. He replied that he thought it over. A few days after she received a box containing half a dozen white dresses fresh from Paris, with her husband's compliments.

Gen. Chaffee, in command of the American forces in China bears the unusual Christian names of Adna Romanza. Adna is a Hebrew word signifying pleasure, while Romanza is derived from the Italian, and in English is applied in music to a tender sentiment, or a song without words. "It would be interesting to know," says the Philadelphia Record, "how Gen. Chaffee's parents, who were plain farmer folk, living in prosaic central Ohio, came to give their son these peculiar names. This stern, matter-of-fact man of action would seem to have a name quite out of harmony with his character."

HOW JOCKEYS REDUCE WEIGHT.

Fred Archer used to spend entire days in his private Turkish bath, eating nothing meanwhile but a little dry toast.

John Arnall once ate nothing but an occasional apple for eight consecutive days in order to reduce himself to ride a particular horse for the prince of Wales.

Benjamin Smith, one of the gamest jockeys on record, who rode and won a race with a broken leg, used to live for days in front of an enormous open fire, eating practically nothing, and drinking huge quantities of senna tea.

John Osborne once relieved himself of seven pounds of flesh in a single walk, but the walk covered 40 miles and lasted nine hours. His diet on this occasion was a hard biscuit, purchased at a roadside public house and a poached egg served in vinegar.

"Wasting" is the term used by jockeys to signify the training down to weight. Even a tiny fellow like Tod Sloan or Johnny Reiff will, if he lets himself go, soon weigh 20 pound more than he ought. This will happen every winter. When spring comes there is the problem of getting rid of the overweight, and doing it quickly.

OUR WITTY CONTEMPORARIES.

Silence is golden, speech is silver; talking without saying anything is silver, heavily gold-plated.—Puck.

A handsome monument to his wife's memory overcomes 70 per cent. of the opposition to a man's remarriage.—Athenian Globe.

If the people who cannot see a joke were not so funny themselves they would have no excuse for being.—Judge.

"Oh, yes, our house is complete in every respect," said Mr. Proudpop. "Here is our bathroom," he continued, opening the door to the nursery.

"Prompt Retaliation."

"You had a lot of visitors last week, didn't you?"

"Yes, but when they went home we sent our three daughters back with them."—Chicago Record.

BESIEGED BY LIONS.

A Sick Hunter's Experience in Central Africa.

Foothardness Did Not Carry Its Just Punishment with It in This Instance — A Somewhat Heroic Cure for Fever.

Lion hunting is dangerous enough when the hunter's health and strength are of the best. But an inveterate sportsman does not regard consequences, and the author of "Sport in East Central Africa" gives an account of a foolhardy adventure which he seems to have enjoyed. He was ill with fever in a little settlement of blacks, but since lions were in the neighborhood he must needs insist upon having the carcass of a lion placed as bait net far from his hut; and, although his legs were too weak to allow him to walk a dozen steps he had himself propped against the door jamb, and laid his double-barreled rifle across his knees.

It was nearly one o'clock, he says, when the lions gave notice of their whereabouts. I heard the heavy grunting sighs of three or four of them as they moved about in the scrub 200 yards away. Then followed a series of rushes, as they leaped down the bank of the creek and lapped noisily at the water. Next came a terrified voice from a neighboring hut.

"White man, we are going," it said, and the "boys" rushed pell-mell from their shelter, some passing in front of me, others behind me, making for a grove of trees.

Scarcely had the first of them got well outside the huts before it seemed as if a lion were right among them, as, with deep, savage grunts, it dashed past my hut, bounding through the scrub in close pursuit.

Suddenly a yell rang out from the darkness, and I was convinced that one of my blacks was being devoured;



but I was too weak to stand, and was powerless to act.

After some farther noise and confusion I heard a lion treading over the dead leaves near by. Then came a prolonged muffled sound, half roar, half moan, uttered in a deep voice, which even under the circumstances I recognized as profoundly musical. Then there was a heavy but silent footfall as the beast walked to the back of my hut, and thrusting his nose amongst the thatched grass sniffed loudly, till I could see the lighter stalks stirring, when he endeavored to insert a paw between the interstices of the wattles.

Each instant I expected the whole structure to collapse, but luckily the beast forebore to take a mean advantage, which would have secured my destruction. I should have fired, had I not been afraid of setting fire to the hut.

At length the brutes cleared out, uttering deep growls. They had destroyed one hut and pretty much ruined two more, not to speak of smashing the hut next mine, which contained all my stores. I could hear them there, making a terrific noise, snuffing, grunting and snarling, breaking sticks and clanking metal, while every now and then one would leap down the bank into the water and then come tearing back, breathing heavily and growling low. Yet not a whisker hair did one of them show in the firelight in front of me.

The excitement did me good. The next morning I was up and about in pajamas and an ulster. Not one of the boys had been injured, although one had had a marvelous escape. The lions were close upon him as he reached a tree. He sprang at a branch, and in his terror seized the leg of another black who had clambered up before him. Fearing lest he, too, should fall into the lion's maw, the other fellow kicked his leg clear, so that the unfortunate fugitive fell to the ground, uttering the yell I had heard.

Why the nearest lion did not seize him I cannot say. The boy explained that it merely growled as he scrambled to his feet and climbed up another tree as fast as his black legs could shin.

HAMS PACKED IN OATS.

Hams are generally sent to Singapore, India, packed in bran or oats, then sewed in canvas and afterward packed in salt, this process preserving the flavor far better than any other method, besides keeping the ham moist.

Sad Fate of an Amateur.

That Philadelphia man who was made dumb by a fall from his wheel was no professional racing man, else he would still be talking. Nothing but death stops the professional's flow of language.

BEST POEMS OF THE WEEK.

Alert.

When I was but a little boy, my mother used to say.

If I was very good I might be president someday.

I have seen no indications of such happenings as yet.

But I bide my time in patience; it's a waste of strength to fret.

I have scanned the situation and I've made two, new repairs.

Determined that no accident shall take me unawares.

And if a nomination ever sweeps within my reach, I've got my front porch ready and I've learned a little speech.

I have had it freshly painted, and I've cleared the vines away.

So that when I'm talking to them they can watch my facial play.

And I've taken elocution. I can say it with great art.

"My countrymen, I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

They say that opportunity comes once and nevermore;

I'm bound I won't be napping if it ever seeks my door.

If men decide that I'm the one to lead 'em and to teach,

Well, I've got my front porch ready and I've learned a little speech.

—Washington Star.

Two Lovers.

Whose baby is loveliest?

Mother's own.

All round the world—north, south, east, west.

Here alone!

For whether it be a Chinese tot,

With eyes aslant and a shaven crown,

Or a dear little girl of the Land of the Free,

Or a tottling totling in London town,

Or the one rare treasure a Soudan slave,

Hugs to her heart, all wee and brown—

Each in its mother's gentle pride

Is fairer than all the world beside.

Whose mother is loved the best?

Baby's own.

She whose cheek was first caressed—

She alone.

For whether she be an Eskimo,

Or colored mammy, or stately queen,

Or a wandering organ grinder's wife,

Jingling and beating her tambourine,

In every land where children are

From their eyes from their deep, serene

Gaze, rapture bound by the tender grace

In the mother's bended, love-lit face.

—Woman's Home Companion.

After Awhile.

It's good we can say, with a sigh and a smile:

"Times will be better after awhile!"

The light will stream through the clouds overhead,

And flowers will bloom where the thorns were red.

What of the sigh, if we say, with a smile:

"Times will be better after awhile?"

It's a long—long way to the light of day;

But winter gives ever a promise of May,

And ever we dream, in the darkest night:

"The joy will come with the morning light!"

Even in our sorrow we say with a smile:

"Times will be better after awhile!"

"Times will be better!" In joy and woe

Is it not sweeter to sing them so?

Sweeter to dream, when the dark's o'er the blue.

The eyes of the angels are looking at you?

Away with the sigh, then, and sweet be the smile!

"Times will be better after awhile!"

—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

Forgiveness.

To drink the dregs of rank injustice's cup

And smile as though the dregs were sweet

And clear;

To feel the dagger-thrust of wounded pride,

Yet to the bosom clasp the steel more near;

To check the passion of the beast—revenge—

Yet seemingly do naught but raise thy hand;

To keep sure silence when the hot words burn

At wrong, before the soul can understand;

To rise a moment from the mortal mire

To see things past and present and to come;

To grant the heavenliest blessing earth bestows

With heart and soul—nor hold the lips long dumb;

Ever to seem oblivious of the hurt,

Though in remembrance it may ever live—

O, human soul, so often torn and tried,

All this it means sincerely to forgive!

—Faith Bradford, in Youth's Companion.

Ever Moving On.

What of dark and what of bright?

Ever moving on

In the shadows of the light—

In the wrong, and in the right;

Time stays never in his flight—

Ever moving on!

Grieving hearts or comforted—

Ever moving on

Where the violets are spread—

Where the blooms to light are led—

Past the graves that hide our dead,

Ever moving on!

Peace or pain—gloom or gleam—

Ever moving on

Like an ocean's faring stream

Where the ships like specters seem;

Do thy deed and dream thy dream,

Ever moving on!

—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

Time's Changes.

When I was young, before the hair

Up my lip lay so plenty,

I fell in love with you, so fair,

I seventeen—you twenty.

You laughed and called me "silly boy,"

Ah! how it raised my rancor!

Within a year you killed my joy,

And married Burns, the banker.

Long, as a bachelor, by jeers

Of husbands, I was harried;

Until, at last, at 40 years,

I happily was married.

But still it fills my soul with awe,

Now, as when first I sought her,

To thank I've you for a mother-in-law

By marrying your daughter.

—George Birdseye, in Brooklyn Life.

In August.

Oh, the boy that threw the snow ball

In those happy days gone by!

A high ball or a low ball!

How I'd like to see him try

The skill I once upbraided!

How I'd like to chuckle with delight!

I would have him serenaded

By the band 'most every night.

When the mercury is splashing

Up to ninety in the shade,

Then his antics seem so winning

By the time the fuss I made.

His pastime seems to fit me

In these days of hot intense,

And every time he hits me

I would give him fifty cents.

—Washington Star.

For Value Received.

So many little mouths to feed,

So many little shoes to buy,

So many tales of woe to tread,

So many things that sorely try.

So many little hearts that cling

About me softly, tenderly;

So many happy songs to sing,

So many loving smiles for me.

So many happy looks from eyes

That make the busy world so bright,

So many little prayers that rise

To Him above for me, at night.

—Chicago Times-Herald.

Unguarded Speech.

Mrs. Bingo—You must be careful what you say to the cook, dear, or she will leave.

Bingo—Why, was I hard on her?

"Were you?" Why, anyone would have thought you were talking to me!"—Tit-Bits.

Made Him Sorry.

"A burglar went through our ice chest last night."

"Did he carry off your breakfast?"

"No; he left a note saying he'd be ashamed to rob people who couldn't afford to take more ice than we did."

—Chicago Record.

Cruelty.

Mr. De Fashion—I see an English woman has been fined for having her two dogs pull the baby carriage.

Mrs. De Fashion—She ought to be, the cruel thing. Why didn't she make the baby pull the dogs?—N. Y. Weekly.

DOG AND HEDGEHOGS.

Snoozers Was No Match for the Quill-Covered Porcupines.

He Struggled Bravely to Drive Away the Armed Intruders, But Finally Gave Up the Unequal Struggle in Despair.

In the vicinity of Emerald Lakes, Col., porcupines are exceedingly numerous this season and afford fine sport for the hunters. But the sport is not at all ways on one side, and if the porcupines have any sense of humor they must have enjoyed an incident of recent occurrence. A party of campers at the lakes were surprised on awakening one morning to find that their saddles thrown carelessly outside the tent, had been gnawed and ruined by some nocturnal visitors. Watch was maintained the following evening and it was found that the porcupines were the guilty ones. Evidently they like the taste of leather, for similar instances have occurred, and Charles Graham, the hatchery superintendent, carefully locks the stable doors at nights.

Old Snoozers, the watch dog, is always kept within the house at night. At first he was allowed to roam at large, but despite the pain from their poisonous quills he seemed to persist in attacking the porcupines. Rolling themselves into balls of spikes, the little animals would defy the dog. Morning after morning he was found whimpering with pain from cruel pricks, and at last a watch was determined upon to decide whether Snoozers was foolish enough to continue fighting the porcupines of his own will.

Soon after darkness had settled over the mountains watchful eyes were kept upon him as he lay a few yards from the cabin. The moon rose early and illuminated the scene to the satisfaction of the watchers. Suddenly one of them started in excitement. Down a little footpath leading into the great dark forest of pines came a company of little animals. Noiselessly they



treaded their way toward the cabin. The dog, sleeping with one eye open, as is his wont, seemed to divine their coming as they drew near. Sitting up on his haunches, he glanced about as if in dread.

Nearer and nearer came the stealthy creatures and the men saw unmistakably that they were porcupines. Seventeen there were, and in twos and threes they ambled forward, with a large one acting as leader. Almost breathless with surprise, the men in the cabin waited.

The dog, catching sight of them, whined with a note of fear that even a brown bear could not inspire. Steadily the procession of porcupines advanced, and the dog, retreating to the doorstep, began to quiver with apprehension. Undoubtedly he had seen these foes before. Marching closer, the curious little visitors began to encircle the dog. Suddenly, unable to stand the suspense any longer, he barked shrilly and rushed at the nearest porcupine.

Instantly it rolled itself tightly into a ball, as did most of the others, and Snoozers's skin was punctured severely by the sharp quills. Yelping with pain, he retreated, and after a few seconds, unrolling himself, the porcupines drew near with merciless intentions.

Snoozers might have leaped past them and fled away in the night, but perhaps the lonely mountains at night, with their strange inhabitants, filled him with terror and induced him to suffer at the doorstep of his master in preference. Closer the porcupines came, until the cowering dog was hemmed upon the log sill.

Within six feet was the impregnable circle of bristles, and what the result would have been will never be known, for one of the men, whose warm heart was wrung by the pitiful whimpering of the faithful dog, which never feared bears, snatched a six-shooter from the wall and through the window shot the nearest porcupine. A yelp of delight succeeded the report of the pistol, and there was a sudden scattering of porcupines and Snoozers was never again compelled to sleep outside the house.

Great Chance for Tipplers.

Thrifty tipplers have had a gay time in Gardiner, Me. The beer-sellers there cut down the price of beer to half the usual rate. Then the rivalry became so great that some of them gave away the foaming beverage without charge. The general thirst so increased that extra bartenders were necessary to serve the patrons, and at last the saloon-keepers, seeing ruin approaching, decided to supply no more free tipple.

Beer to Pay for Warships.

Germany is putting a tax on imported beer to help in covering the cost of the new warships.

MONKEY BALLOONIST.

Drops Through the Branches of a Tree to a Bench Upon Which a Young Couple Are Sitting.

A cracking of branches in the tree under which they were sitting in Washington park, Chicago, late the other night, followed by the tread of a dark object as it alighted on the dark bench beside them, and strange

and uncanny whines and yelps, frightened Willis Johnson and his cousin, Miss Mary Waterbury, so badly that Miss Mary Waterbury screamed and fainted, while Johnson was almost panic-stricken.

The screams of the frightened woman were heard by Detective James



Duffy, of the Hyde Park police station, who rushed to the scene. Arriving there, he found a jabbering monkey, dressed in outlandish clothing, and a young man standing over an unconscious woman trying vainly to bring her to a normal state. The officer brought water from the lagoon nearby and revived the young woman, while a keeper soon appeared with a parachute which the animal clasped tightly in its hands.

The affair happened shortly after ten o'clock, when visitors to Washington park were beginning to thin out and but few people were around. Mr. Johnson and his cousin had been walking through the park and sat down to rest a short time before taking the street cars home. They were but a short distance from a resort where a balloon ascension, with a parachute drop by a monkey, known as Mrs. Murphy, had been a prominent attraction. The monkey has not been particular about the place of its descent, and the other night it came speeding down through the air just above the young couple.

While order was being restored and the unwelcome intruder had been identified as a harmless monkey, a man appeared, and taking the animal in tow, marched off with it.

"Sure, you needn't be afraid," he said. "Mrs. Murphy is as kind as the day is long and wouldn't harm a soul."

Bear Runs a Train.

Animal in Traveling Show Breaks Out of Cage and Chases Conductor into the Caboose.

A Chicago Tribune correspondent is authority for the statement that the other night several bears took charge of a train on the Toledo & Ohio Central and made things interesting for a time. A train was carrying a show from Corning to Toledo. The car next the caboose contained two cages of bears, together with some other wild animals.

Just after the train left Bucyrus one of the bears broke out of his cage and



started on an exploring expedition. The conductor made his escape, with the bear in hot pursuit, to the caboose, where the train crew was. The conductor won the race and slammed and locked the door. The bear, seeing that he could not get the conductor, contented himself with climbing around over the other cages, in which pastime he was joined by other occupants of the broken cage. Seeing that the chances were good for a whole train full of fighting wild animals, the train was sidetracked and the cowboy of the aggregation armed himself with a lariat and started to lasso the bears.

The train was delayed over an hour and messages began to accumulate asking the cause. The conductor, however, had troubles of his own, and he wired the general office here that he was sidetracked to take a straw vote and find out who was running the train, he or the bears.

ALL SORTS.

The parchment on the best banjoes is made of wolfskin.

In the United States and Canada there are 960,094 odd fellows and 837,395 freemasons.

The "Jerusalem artichoke" has nothing to do with Jerusalem, but is a corruption of girasole, the sunflower, which it resembles.

A beauty specialist is recommending her patients to eat a finely-grained carrot before breakfast each morning to improve the complexion.

An apparatus for condensing sea fog into drinking water has been invented by Prof. Bell. It will be welcomed as a desideratum by ocean voyagers.

In the treasure house of the shah of Persia is a terrestrial globe three feet in diameter, which is said to have been used by the last monarch of that country for the study of geography. It is entirely covered with gems, of which there are \$1,566 in all, reckoned at a total value of \$5,000,000. The various countries of the earth are represented in precious stones of different colors, while the oceans are of emerald.

CONQUERED MAD DOG.

Woman Clutched the Crazed Animal by the Throat While She Drove Four Miles.

Mrs. Charles F. Lenone, of Passaic, N. Y., is a lover of dogs, but declares she will never again own one unless it be a bulldog, for that species never goes mad. The other day she had an exciting adventure with a pet dog of hers. While driving on the Lexington road the animal suddenly developed symptoms of the rabies. Mrs. Lenone was four miles from home on a driveway filled with vehicles.

With rare presence of mind, in her endeavor to save others from the fate to which she was herself exposed, she



seized the snapping, yelping brute by the throat with one hand and by main force held it down on the floor of the carriage. Her young son drove at top speed back to Passaic.

When Mrs. Lenone was seen by a reporter at her pretty home in Montgomery avenue she was wholly unwilling to regard herself as a heroine.

"I suppose I was nervous," she admitted. "It would be folly to say that a drive of that kind, with an animal frothing at the mouth and making mad efforts to escape, did not frighten me. I did. I knew if I once loosed my hold the people we met would probably be bitten, perhaps fatally. On the other hand, I hoped that once under proper control the dog might be saved."

Mrs. Lenone is short of stature, though strongly built, and the hand which grasped the dog's throat is so small and soft that its muscular grip could scarcely be guessed at.

Dixie, the big French poodle which caused all the trouble, was Mrs. Lenone's constant companion.

"Since the dog was clipped," said Mrs. Lenone, "he had been acting queerly. He seemed all right on Monday, however, when I started for a drive. I had no warning that anything was wrong until he suddenly began yelping, snapping at me and striving to jump from the carriage. I had the leash with me and attached it to the collar with the greatest difficulty. There was only one thing to be done. I wound my hand in the hair on his neck and clutched his throat. I held him down with all my strength."

PLUCKY YACHTSWOMAN.

Miss Annie R. Tinker, of